

## Leaving Behind

by Danamaru

Category: X-Files

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-20 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:01:36

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,240

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

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Category: MSR

Spoilers: Emily, not really any major spoilers.

Rating: PG-13 or even a G, not sure, but definitely not NC-17.

Author's Notes: At the end of the feature.

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\*\*\* Scully lay on her couch as she watched a movie, her train of thought not on the movie itself or even the television. Instead it moved over the top and over to the far wall, her eyes wide, glassy, glistening against the small lamp that sat beside the couch on a small table with three legs. She was aware that she was staring into space, but was comforted by it, craving it, trying to escape a few moments of reality she had no choice but to be a part of.

An itch on the back of her hand had withdrawn her from her distance shaking her head to rid herself of the drowsiness. She picked up the remote and switched off the low-droning machine and wrapped the plaid blanket further round her shoulders, shuddering at the thought of having to get up and move to the kitchen to start dinner.

She had made a decision earlier in the day and had pondered on why she had made it, she wasn't sure whether to tell her partner or not although in a big way it did concern him. She knew what his reaction was going to be, she knew him so completely that she always knew how he was going to react to her. She had known when she informed him of her cancer that he would not accept it. It took a lot for Mulder to back away from anything, that was his strength and she admired him deeply for it. He had stopped at nothing in finding a cure to save her for which she had no words to describe the appreciation and gratitude and not to mention the respect she had for this man. It was the after effects of her cancer and her family loss that had pushed her to making certain decisions that were essential for her life to move in a forwardly direction.

She had known for a long time that being an FBI agent no longer held the interest that it once did and could see no future for herself at the bureau. She had stayed in her position for her partner's sake, not wanting to leave him and felt that if she didn't stay around following him on his latest crazy case, he would end up in lots of hot water or even dead. It wasn't a conscious protection she had for him, it was in the background but he knew he could rely on her for backup at any given time.

What occurred earlier in the day had finally made her decision.

FBI HEADQUARTERS - 9.52AM

Today was going to be a tough day, Scully thought to herself as she headed towards the basement office. The door was wide open and she could hear whistling. Surely he would remember about today, although he barely remembered her birthday or any other appointments. Mulder greeted her with a small grin and sat back in his seat while picking up a pencil. Scully sat down opposite him, her head unusually low, she didn't feel like squaring her shoulders and keeping her head up to portray her usual cool exterior today. She looked at Mulder as he handed her a manila case file. After the completion of her usual series of questions he got up and turned on the overhead projector.

He didn't remember, he couldn't have otherwise he wouldn't have presented her with a child murder case on a day like today. She cleared her throat and asked him about the deceased children. He answered her as quickly as possible, knowing how deeply affected she had become with cases involving children. As she sat staring at the image on the white washed wall she folded her hands neatly in her lap and for a moment her perfect porcelain skin almost cracked as she fought back her emotions.

Today was the second anniversary of her daughter Emily's death, thinking she could handle it she arrived at work after visiting church to say a prayer.

She watched Mulder for a long while who was unaware due to the fact

of being completely engrossed in his latest case. Seeing him unaffected by her emotional turmoil made her want to stand up and scream out everything she had bottled up for two years at him, but her body wouldn't respond, instead she sat there half-listening to him drone on. Any other day she might be interested but not today. Suddenly a realisation hit her. Everyday was going to be like this, Mulder would be in to work before her with a new case or rambling on about a current one, she would sit there, listen and then present him with her latest rational and scientific theories.

She didn't even know if she believed in those theories any longer. She was a fake and could see her life going round in circles before her, how much did he have to prove to her to make her believe. She had once quoted to Mulder that believing was the easy part, that she needed proof. This was still true, but how much proof would it take to persuade her to admit to everyone besides herself that she believed in Mulder's theories. She didn't know if she ever could. She had become stereotypical to her role, even if she did want to for once agree with Mulder, could she do it? Did she want to let Mulder see that he was right, therefore meaning that over the past seven years she had wasted her time trying to prove him wrong?

In the beginning she hadn't wanted to step on anyone's toes, break any rules, or even be viewed as much a fool as Mulder had once been branded. But now did she look the fool because she found herself constantly reaching for rational explanations that no longer made sense to her, that were almost as unlikely to be true as Mulder's explanations?

Tears had formed in her now blurry blue eyes and she caught Mulder staring at her. She wiped back a tear and looked away from him, not wanting him to see her break. He moved towards her and touched her lightly on the shoulder as he bent down to "ask" with his eyes what was wrong. As the beautiful porcelain exterior finally began to explode into a million pieces Mulder took her hand and picked up what she held. The chain of her gold crucifix tangled up in his big hand as he looked closely at the small cross that lay in his palm. She knew that he was remembering as he touched her chin with his index finger tilting her gaze to his hazel eyes.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and onto her lap as she stared into his soul seeing nothing but respect and care. She took hold of the hand that was caressing her cheek and rubbed the palm gently as she wiped her tear stained face with her other hand. She vaguely remembered telling him that she was fine and that she needed to go home. He had offered to drive her home, but she had told him that she needed to be by herself. Once out of the Hoover building and in her car she felt like she could breath again, finally out of the haze. Once back in her apartment she slumped on the couch and took out the only photo of Emily she possessed. She had looked at the picture hundreds of times before but she wishfully hoped maybe there would be a time where she would see something different.

SAME DAY - SCULLY'S APARTMENT - 6.47PM

Scully had called Mulder and had asked him to come to her apartment. He had tried to draw out of her what she wanted over the phone, but she knew she had to tell him in person as a friend. In work they communicated so much over the phone that she began to associate the phone with the professional side of her life. She did not want this

to be a formal conversation. This was just as personal as much as it was professional.

She had attempted to look presentable but her mood lacked her motivation and besides he was her best friend and had seen her in worse states. She felt self-conscious about her appearance today and butterflies were forming in her stomach. "Why am I so nervous?" she quietly thought to herself. "It's Mulder, he'll understand." The knock at the door startled her and she rose to answer it knowing everything from this point forward was about to change her life dramatically.

Mulder sat down next to her on the couch and removed his jacket. This was a ritual when he came inside, maybe the room was too warm or the air too cold outside. She was changing the subject inside her head and knew that he was breathing short quick breaths, anxious for her to let him in on what she was hiding from him.

She sat up and turned to face him.

"Mulder" she spoke in almost a whisper and lowered her head. "Yes, Scully, what did you want to tell me?" She took his hand and he looked completely puzzled. "Mulder, I've made a decision and not under any circumstances am I going to change it." Staring into his eyes with her silent language that she knew he understood so well, he knew she was serious. She couldn't think of any easy way to say it, but carefully chose her words before blurting out a statement. "I'm leaving the Bureau, I'm going back to practice medicine." There she had done it, once again lowering her head, waiting for his response. There was a long silent pause, before she heard a low grumble in his throat as he thought of the appropriate thing to say to her. "Can I ask why, Scully, I mean I think I deserve an explanation for you ditching me now." She expected this from him, always digging to find out more, breaking down all the barriers to get what he wanted. He had removed his hand from hers and had leaned back in the seat and she could see the hurt expression in his eyes. How could she explain this to him without emptying all her inner thoughts and emotions, she had come this far now she would have to tell him. "I can't do it anymore, it's not who I am. You'll always be in pursuit Mulder, always looking round the corner, but I am defeated, I just don't feel I have the energy I once had. I've lost so much, I don't want to be the loser anymore, I want to gain from my life." She had said her piece although she had left important issues out as she paused for him to contribute. She did that.

"We've both lost so much, but it doesn't mean that you can't keep looking Scully, you have your faith, the strength of your beliefs, look at all the things you have gained Scully." he was reaching for excuses, reasons that she should abandon her recent decisions and stay in the FBI.

She shook her head, "I can't, I won't, what have I gained? You're the one who's gained Mulder, you've gained most of the things you sought for so long, I can't be hurt again I'm exhausted from the ever searching, this is all about you and your crusade, well I can't be a part of your crusade anymore, I'm sorry." She knew how much her words were hurting him with each one stabbing him like tiny needles. She was genuinely sorry for leaving him behind but she had to do this for herself, she wasn't in control anymore and it frightened her. She had expressed anger as she spoke and was shaking considerably from the

adrenaline.

He reached to touch her arm but she protested and stood up, he remained seated staring at the coffee table in front of him. Scully proceeded to the window, folding her arms and staring at a small blackbird bobbing about in on the front lawn. They had their backs to each other, but each knew what the other was thinking. This was the end and she couldn't back down now.

That was when it hit her, was she making the right decision, could he go it alone, could she? How far would she get again before she panicked that her life wasn't her own, would she last another 7 years in medicine and realise that it was wrong, she thought she knew the first time when she joined the FBI. There was one thing she was certain of, she did not want to lose Mulder, she would always be his friend, his kindred spirit, they needed each other and that would always take top priority in her life, in her options, her decisions. For the past seven years she had always taken the option that had Mulder in it and she was doing it again, telling him, making him reach out for her. Was this her way of telling him she loved him, knowing that he would try and touch her, his emotional part swaying in the wind ready for her to reach up and grab a hold.

She turned round to look at him, he had his head hung low and did not look up even though she knew he saw her staring. She looked at him with so much emotion, he was not going to do this to her, he was not going to make her feel guilty. She had good reasons for her decisions and he knew that. She unwrapped her arms and let them dangle swaying slightly at her side, her fists clenched as she made her way back to the couch, not knowing what to do or to say next as she sat beside him and again took hold of his hand. He lifted his head and at that exact moment she was positive he had just looked into her soul and lifted it back up out of her body, she felt her jaw tremble and her stomach churn as she bore her big saucer blue eyes into his. He was looking at her but reading her at the same time, she was slowly cracking, understanding through their silent language that he did not want her to leave him.

Their souls locked into each other as they continued to stare, no words were exchanged, they had gone past the realm of that years ago. Unaware of her tears and trembling lips, she felt Mulder's muscular arms wrapping gently around her waste as they closed in for a hug. The heat intensified like two flames joining together. She rested her head against his chest as he kissed her red-gold fiery locks. She never wanted to let go of this moment. They had hugged before but not like this. He wasn't feeling sorry for her this time. She shook a little at the intensity of the hug making Mulder unlock their embrace, slightly startling her. Why'd he let go? Did he not feel the same way, she began to play all the panic emotions over and over in her head, until she opened her eyes and saw Mulder's face inches from hers. "Don't go Scully, don't leave me. There's so many things that were once close to me that are now gone, and the one thing I thought I would have forever was you." He spoke softly with saddened eyes, boring holes through her soul. How could he tell her this now when she had to move on, why couldn't he understand that they could still remain in their friendship even if they weren't partners any longer. Her chest heaved as she tried to take everything in, "Mulder, why can't you just let me do this, I'm always going to be there for you but just not in the context of a working relationship." What was she saying, was she asking him for them to be together, more than

friends?

She froze as Mulder's index finger reached up under chin drawing her face closer to his. He gazed at her as he spoke in a whisper "All I want is you." She knew this was it, she couldn't back out of this one and didn't want too. If they were no longer working partners there was nothing to stand in their way. She had never taken their relationship to a further level because she had always thought that it would complicate her life or ruin their partnership, but now she was tired of being perfect, of never letting anyone break through her solid barrier, she needed this, she wanted this. She inched in towards him feeling his hand caress her cheek before sliding into her hair, her breathing increased and she closed her eyes as her soft bee-stung lips touched his. He nuzzled her lips softly feeling the fireworks explode inside of her. As her world went wild with the kiss, she silently knew that what she was leaving behind was only a fraction of what she was now taking with her.

End

Author's Notes: This was a wip at one point, but I decided that once Mulder and Scully kissed, there was no discussion left, they did it, that's it. I feel that once this actually happens in the show, there will be nothing left to hope for. Believe it or not I am a shipper, but a very fussy one at that, I don't believe two people who are in a working relationship that close should ever become romantically involved. Either relationship would kill off the other and I think in Mulder and Scully's situation the working relationship is the stronger of the two. But hey that's just my opinion, but I wrote it out here, to show that if one of them did leave the working relationship then they could take it to this level, and If I was proven wrong and the personal relationship did overwrite the working one, then I believe that one of them would want to leave the bureau so that they could be together.and although not in this case I think it would be Mulder.

Anyway enough of the deep stuff, if you have any input about this story, please send me feedback. Thanx

End  
file.